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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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## Lincoln County Leader.

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STATEHOOD.

About a month since, the Santa

Fe New Mexican issued a circular

which it addressed to every prom-

inent citizen of New Mexico, en-

quiring of them their views upon

the propriety of making a strong

pull and a pull altogether, to have

our Territory admitted into fellow-

ship with the States of the Union.

Many then addressed have re-

sponded, and the great majority

favor Statehood. Indeed all that

can be called argument has been

presented on the affirmative side.

There are some moss-backs who

oppose on the ground of expense,

which is the veriest rot. The ad-

ded dignity and enhanced status

which Statehood would give us,

would increase our population and

wealth, and the trifle increase in

taxation would not be felt, for in-

creased ability to pay would ac-

company the responsibility.

Then, too, our people would be

privileged to select and elect our

own officers instead of having old

political hacks unfitted for service,

and far from ornamental. New

Mexico's present is gratifying, it's

future promising, and instead of

having governmental representa-

tives here, representing a prehis-

toric age, we should have live

men, full of the elements of the

present American age.

Again, with two representatives

in the U. S. Senate, and one or

more in the lower house of Con-

gress, matters now agitating and

disturbing our people and retard-

ing our progress and factors, would

be removed, and soon New Mex-

ico would shine resplendent in the

galaxy of States.

Many other cogent reasons

could be given in favor of State-

hood—not a good one can be given

for longer tutelage.

GENERAL SHENIDAN recommends

that the army be increased by the

addition of 5,000 men. The Uni-

ted States ought to have a standing

army of 50,000 men. It needs that

number or it needs none.

The present army is too large as a

mere ornament and too small to be

of use.

One of the most infamous acts of

the Democratic party is the con-

tinued exclusion from the Union

of Dakota, with a population of

600,000, and as many miles of

railroad as there are in any half

dozen Democratic States of the

South.

The Southern States, judging by

their vote in Congress, are as ma-

gnificantly opposed to letting Dakota

into the Union now as they were

malignantly determined to get

out of the Union, themselves, in

1861.

JOEL PARKER, New Jersey's

war Governor, is dead. This

makes the fourth Governor who

died last year, those of Cali-

fornia, Maine and Missouri, being

the other three.

## JNO M. BARCLAY DEAD.

It was with deep grief that we,

last week, saw heralded in the

press, that Hon. Jno. M. Barclay,

of Washington, D. C., was dead.

He was one of our warmest,

dearest friends.

The deceased was born and rear-

ed in the District of Columbia,

graduated from a law school there,

and migrated to Fort Wayne, Indi-

ana, where he was soon elected

J. P. The year Lincoln was elected

to Congress, Barclay concluded

to make a visit to his parents, and

en route to the Capital, made the

acquaintance of the embryo states-

man, who became very much at-

tached to B., and assured him that,

were it possible, he would secure

him a position in government ser-

vice, and through Lincoln's influ-

ence, he did secure for young Bar-

clay, the position of Journal Clerk

of the House of Representatives.

Barclay soon attained a reputation

as a parliamentarian second to no

man in the country, and to-day,

"Barclay's Digest" is used as au-

thority in Congress and all legis-

lative bodies in the country.

Barclay was not disturbed in his

position for many years. He was

not only popular, but there were

none pretentious enough to aspire

to his place. Finally, in 1875, the

Democracy attained a majority in

Congress, and a Kentuckian named

Smith was chosen Clerk of the

House, a position to which the

Journal Clerk is subservient. Dem-

ocratic and Republican leaders

alike, voluntarily pleaded for the

retention of Barclay, and the prom-

ise to retain him was given, but

Barclay hearing of it, gave notice

that he was getting too old to ed-

ucate a new retinue of clerks, but

it two of his most valuable and

competent ones were continued to

him, he would continue as chief

of the bureau. The promise was

given, but broken. One by one,

his clerks were removed, and fi-

nally the last one of them, the sub-

stitute being a man who spelled

"journal" with "g". This was

too much, and Barclay wrote out

his resignation, removed his pri-

vate effects, and has never crossed

the threshold of his old office

since. The regret at his vacating

was general. Increase in the value

of property placed him in inde-

pendent circumstances, and he died

leaving a married daughter, a wid-

owed child, and a son well pro-

vided for.

His face and figure will be much

missed by the denizens of the Na-

tional Capital—the prettiest city

of the country. He has moved

to another city, the city of the

dead—a city never agitated by out-

side disturbances. It is not light-

ed by night, and no bell or whistle

disturbs its meridian hours. The

citizens come, but never go. They

make no calls, give no entertain-

ments, in fact never leave their

houses. Could he appear again to

his old friends, with what force he

could say, "Here have (we) you

no continuing city!" "The dust

shall return to the earth as it was,

and the spirit shall return to the

God who gave it."

Barclay was a gentleman of com-

manding presence, being several

inches over 6 feet in height, and

built in proportion. In political

literature he was an encyclopedia.

His heart was a warm one, reach-

ing out to political opponents as

to adherents. As pall-bearers,

distinguished Democrats like unto

Senator Voorhees and Gen. Ew-

ing, officiated. A great, a good

man has fallen, and we cannot re-

strain the impulse to place this

small tribute upon his bier.

## 1888.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

#### Lincoln, N. M.

The New Year at Lincoln was ushered in by a liberality of feeling and a general bon homie that augurs well, but whether or not the sentiment will hold out is a quiescent case.

We raffled horses, saddles, spurs, hams and the general bric a brace dependent the dice box for patronage. We had several series of freeze-out and draw poker; we regaled the inner man with Thomases and Jeremiahs galore; we tripped the light fantastic heel to the inspiring strains of Cotton Eyed Joe and Five Miles From Home (and not a drop to drink) and gored about cheerful fires, beat the record with reasonable lies told by our most dexterous, webbed footed soothsayer. We even had a sermon that, for its uniqueness was a regular storm stopper.

George Eubank holds the belt as the world's champion heavy weight liar. The easy and graceful manner in which he reels off a fish lie is admirable, but when he begins to warble a lie with a shot gun in it he is wonderful, and Eli Perkins is a truthful genius to George in the character of Ananias.

When he is passing from mouth to mouth in a general sociable manner, we are not to be considered second to any small community in the world, and our champion we will back to our last dollar.

George's prize, in our last season of truthful experiences, was of a duck. Several of us had been out lately after duck, quail and rabbits, and, very naturally, our fireside conversation took of the game order. Two or three premises had been seriously told, so that by the time it came to George to grapple the truth for a six round collar and elbow tussle, he was ready for the fray. Beginning with the usual "Well, sir," he told of a duck he killed down on the Pecos. He said that he had some misgiving about the shot he was using, so he drew the shell and put in another holding 21 blue k shot. He followed the duck for some distance and finally got a shot at the bird and brought it down. He was surprised to find the side of it nearly torn away and the bird still kicking. He pulled a small six shooter and shot the duck's head off and then had to fight the body all the way to camp. He said nothing, except to order that the duck be parboiled for an hour and then roasted. Done. All were anxious and hungry, but when that duck was put out before the crowd, there wasn't a man in the party strong enough to stick a fork into the gravy.

Our sermon was of that peculiar character that would delight Sam Jones and throw Sam Small into a delirium of ecstasy. If there's anybody who wants to kick at this sermon, let them visit the preacher who uttered it, for I here, and now disclaim anything but an accurate report of the same.

"My brethren, turn your eyes to heaven, but don't keep 'em there long, for you're liable to fall into a hole the devil has dug for you. Let the warmth of your heart come out, and heat up the cold faith that is letting your nose get frost-bit. Your Savior is on deck waiting for you to come to Him. Goto Him, my friends, for He's a good man; He's a dandy, and the best boss on the range. Place your faith in the Savior, for in Him you are safe. There are no flies on Jesus."

I don't like the quoted part of that sermon, but then I suppose the cushion cuff for who yelled it is a responsible man.

And what will we do for ourselves during 1888?

First, resolve, no, determine, to be just and fair to, and with our fellow man, never forgetting that the very strongest of us are weak and terribly human. If you have anybody to love, love them as hard as your old heart can thump. If you have anybody to hate, don't lie awake nights brooding over it, but when the time comes take it out of his hide or give it out of yours. Do it well, give or take. Stop grumbling or growling and cultivate friends with pleasant words